

PRICE

Capt. Billy's **Whiz Bang**

25¢

Vol. III

May, 1922

No. 33



*explosion of
pedigreed bunk*



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1922 Season

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Captain Billy's Whiz Bang



*America's Magazine of
Wit, Humor and
Philosophy*

MAY, 1922

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ONE DOLLAR FOR THE WINTER ANNUAL

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**"We have room for but one soul loyalty and that is
loyalty to the American people.—Theodore Roosevelt.**

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By W. H. Fawcett**

Captain Billy's Whiz Bang employs no solicitors. Subscriptions may be received only at authorized news stands or by direct mail to Robbinsdale. We join in no clubbing offers, nor do we give premiums. Two-fifty a year in advance.

**Edited by a Spanish and World War Veteran and
dedicated to the fighting forces of the United States**

Drippings From the Fawcett

Editor's Note: Greetings to Whiz Bang readers. Got back from Cuba a month ago but was treated so royally in Havana by Frank Bruen and Horace Stoneham of the Oriental race-track that it has taken time to recuperate.

Well, Boys and Girls, we're on the job again. The old farm is still here and Pedro, Jr., is hale, hearty, healthy, fully-developed and varin' to go. In fact, all we lack to make life really pleasant is Gus, our old hired man. He's in Los Angeles now and I hope some kind reader will look him up and tell him the fishing season opens soon in Minnesota. Gus' letter, poem and address are given in this issue.

Today I had to desert the old barnyard for a visit to the pressroom to "make-up" the May number. It's my first visit to the antiquated rotary press since we put the Winter Annual to sleep last fall. But I'll be on the job, I hope, for a couple more months.

*A Merry Christmas to all is the ardent wish of
Skipper Bill.*

* * *

GENTLE readers, if we could only find space in our little family journal, there is nothing we would like better than to publish some of the hundreds of letters of various brands which fall into our rural mail box whenever our Robbinsdale train takes a notion to drop off a sack of mail. However, we will give you a sample of one of them from New York which greeted me the other morning—

Dear Captain Bill—Just received your "Winter Annual." After some watchful waiting the critter arrived safe this morning. I was just beginning to think I wasn't going to get the pesky bull, when the big feller bounded through the doorway and bounced me on the bean. I want to speak right out loud and say he's grown to be a pretty big boy since I saw him first.

I wish to thank you very liquidly for the refreshing refreshments of your "Bull and Bullets," Bill. I'm just after imbibing in a large and juicy snootful of "Memory Eraser" and I'll say the snootfuls I take will make a guy do a lot of funny things he wouldn't do if he was sober. But how can you help it these dark and gloomy days? Show me and I'll tell you where I get it. The way I feel this day of our Lord I just know if I imbibe much more of this liquid gargle that is within my unsteady reach I'm just a going to be laying on my back purring with contentment or kicking blue elephants and pink mosquitoes off the foot of my bed.

I don't know how it is out your way, but since this old burg of ours went dry, it's tough to keep sober if you've got the price, and yet those narrow-contracted, near-sighted, weak-minded reptiles who call themselves reformers belch forth in loud cadenzos that New York is dry. Down in the district where I work is known to the world as "Hell's Kitchen." You never hear tell of any of these paid reformers coming down here to tell the gang that a "nut sundae" can take the place of a pint of beer after a hard day's work. Oh, no, not them birds, they're too wise for that; they're hip to the fact that the minute they opened their beaks in this district they'd be treated rough. Rave on, you say. I can't, the stuff has begun to work, 'cause I'm skipping words like everything.

I really believe your bull has started more poets, who worked at their trade as boilermakers once, to writing poems than anything I can think of at the present time. For instance, I've got a guy working for me who was a

darn good porter until he got to reading the "Whiz Bang," I just can't do anything with him. The only way I can get him to manicure the office is to bat him over the head with something and steal his little bull. The other day he sure got my goatee, whiskers and all. I couldn't find him for over an hour. At last I discovered him sitting behind a door busily scribbling on a piece of old wrapping paper. I was so mad I didn't wait for anything, I just knocked him for a goal. While he was quiet and peaceful I picked up the paper that flew out of his hand when I winged him and I'm a son-of-a-sea-sucker if he wasn't writing poetry—here below is a sample of what he calls

Hot Corn Kid

*I know a girl named Dorothy,
For short I call her Dot,
She only likes her "Cone Pones"
And always wants them hot.
She likes them fat and greasy,
She likes them large or small,
For that girl sure likes her hot corn;
She eats them cobs and all.*

Now that you've read it, do you, or do you not think that I was right for treating him as I did? Kindly advise me if it is within your power to suggest some method of which I may break him of this habit. Now don't suggest cutting his hands off, because as I said before, he's a dang good porter and he'll need his hands to manicure the office with. Now that I've got this mess off or my chest, here's hoping you dug your cellar deep enough before it went into effect. I am as ever,

Yours Boozologically,

Adam Sourguy.

P. S.—If you ever come to New York, look me up. I know where I can get a good drink for two-bits yet. It's a long walk, but I can get it.

D. R. Murray.

GUS, who at one time decorated our kitchen floor with mud dragged in from the barnyard, has temporarily received a set back in his ambitions to be a Douglas Fairbanks or Tom Mix. We have just received a letter from Gus from Los Angeles.

"I have been working at the studios since you were here, Bill, but I am back to painting houses again," Gus writes. "I promised you I would send in my original poem about 'The Effects of Pedro' and so I am enclosing it. Expect to stay here this summer as it is too far to Breezy Point Lodge to work for my board, as you said in the December issue of Whiz Bang. No Indian guide for me on an empty stomach. Had a letter from Maggie (our cook who is responsible for Gus staying with us for four or five years) and she says it is a disgrace how our old neighbor's daughter, Lindy Miller, dresses. Maggie evidently saw Lindy in her "coming out" dress.

Best regards to Deacon Miller and be sure and take good care of Pedro Junior."

Your X hired man,

GUS.

(Bill: The X is not a kiss.)

Gus adds his address which we are giving so that our Los Angeles friends can look him up and perhaps get him back in the studios and relieve him of the monotonous job of painting colonial garages or Los Angeles barns, and that is 203 West Sixteenth Street, Apartment 11.

Gus must be getting into the class now, as when he was on the Whiz Bang Farm his apartment was No. 12. We have eleven stalls downstairs and the twelfth apartment is up in the hay loft.

Here follows the latest effusion of Gus' poetic nature—

The Effects of Pedro

*I was standing in the barnyard
On a moonlight summer's night,
I heard a mournful, groaning sound,
It filled me full of fright.
Then all was still and from the hill
I heard a bawling calf,
And like a goodly shepherd
I went and got my staff.
I climbed the slope and what a joke,
It would have made you laugh;
'Twas no other than the Hereford,
A likkin' her new calf.*

* * *

A young couple on their honeymoon stopped off at Buffalo for a few days to take in the Falls. One evening while Friend Wife was dressing for dinner, her hubby picked up a copy of the Whiz Bang.

Presently the bride tiptoed over to his chair and glanced over his shoulder. "Heavens!" she exclaimed, "I see I've married a bookworm!"

* * *

Our only Robbinsdale bachelor-farmer was recently pinched for making a "sour mash." He fell in love with Neighbor Smith's widow.

SO MANY publications have sprung into the field since Whiz Bang first made its bounce around the world that it is hard for Deacon Miller and myself to keep track of them. The Deacon was in Minneapolis the other day and his Ford broke down in front of Chris. Corey's drug store. The Deacon wrestled under the Ford for a half hour until his hands got black with grease and he hied himself into the drug store to buy some "magic soap."

"Have you any Whizz, Skat, or Jack Rabbit?" he inquired.

"No," replied the girl clerk, "But I have Whiz Bang."

And while we're on the subject permit us to add that we have no connection whatever with any other publication save Capt. Billy's Whiz Bang and True Confessions, our new magazine soon to make its appearance on the news stands. True Confessions magazine will be approximately double the size of our present little bundle of bull, and we are now offering ten thousand dollars in prizes for good stories.

* * *

Our esteemed contemporary, Brother F. M. Hubbell, editor of the Robbinsdale Weekly Review, arises to inform:

"Now that there are no longer faces on the barroom floor and curfews don't ring tonight, the elocutionist has abandoned his job and may be found playing a sobbing saxaphone."

Barbers, Read This One

It was perhaps the rough mountaineer's first visit to a tonsorial parlor. After the barber had shaved his face and scented him up sweetly, he inquired, "Want your neck shaved?"

"Oh, I guess you mought as well," was the reply, as the man turned over on his stomach.

* * *

Chapter I

"Bang!"

A shot rang out upon the still midnight air, and Faro Phil, the gambler, fell prone across the green baize of the gambling table, five aces fluttering from his nerveless digits.

* * *

Look Me Over, Sister

"Well, who are you?" she inquired as he suddenly blundered into the room unannounced.

"Me? Why, sister, I'm the answer to a maiden's prayer. Look me over."

* * *

Who Can Finish This One?

'Twas a hot August day, that from Pittsburg, P. A.,

*Mike's bootleg drove up in her car,
And she fell in a swoon on that hot afternoon,*

*On the sidewalk in front of Mike's bar;
And Bill, with a grin, rubbed gin on her shin,*

*And he propped her head up on the sod;
She opened her "glim"; threw her "lamps" onto him
And he saw his old broad labeled Maud.*

* * *

The most beautiful sight in nature is a woman with grace in her step, Heaven in her eyes, and a baby in her arms.

Ikey Believes It Now

Bob Sievier tells a rather humorous story in a recent issue of The Winning Post regarding the recent violent outbreaks of sectarian feeling now going on in Ireland.

"The Irish difficulties," says Bob, "bring to mind a story of the Irishman who converted the Jew.

Pat was a ferryman, and it was while he was ferrying the Hebrew across the river that a hot theological argument arose. Presently the Irishman, full of zeal for the true faith, seized the Jew and plunged him into the water.

"Do ye belave?" he roared, as the Israelite's head appeared above the surface.

"No," spluttered Isaac.

"Thin down ye go again," and once more the stubborn one was submerged.

"Do ye belave?" asked Pat again.

"No, no," obstinately replied the Jew, gasping and shivering with cold and fright, but tenacious of his religion.

The process was repeated till the wretched Jew in mortal fear, spluttered out a "Yes" in reply to the remorseless Irishman's question.

"Then die in the faith!" shouted the zealot, as he thrust his convert below the surface for the last time.

* * *

Maggie, our cook, told me the other night that she quit school early in life to take up cooking because she just hated fractions and square root.

Hollywood Flirtations

SINCE the Taylor murder case burst into headlines, movie directors in Hollywood have just been annoyed to death. Everyone's asking to have their letters and pink nighties returned!

* * *

MARSHALL NEILAN and Blanche Sweet are seen together again almost every evening. Even when they go to big parties they dance every number together!

* * *

Charlie Chaplin has again upset all bets by beginning to call frequently on Lila Lee these days.

* * *

DANA TODD used to escort Gloria Swanson and Elinor Glynn everywhere last winter, but just now he's going in for singles again. Marjorie Daw is the chosen lady.

* * *

MAURICE, former husband of Florence Walton, the dancer, is whirling Constance Talmadge about the slippery floors just now. Socially speaking, of course, not professionally.

THE gossips have it that Jack White is a cave man. Pauline Starke, they say, has rejected Jack twice for his cave man tendencies, but, we've again seen them dancing together of late.

* * *

LOS ANGELES papers had no sooner printed the delicious secret concerning forthcoming wedding plans of George Walsh and Estelle Taylor, than Seena Owen took a transcontinental and arrived in Hollywood to announce that as far as she knew she hadn't yet had a divorce from Mr. Walsh! These little trivialities are so upsetting!

* * *

“THE good God made me, managers played me and I fought to the front with my back,” says Kitty Gordon.

“Now I crave a real American husband.”

Kitty now awaits her divorce from Lord Henry Beresford of London, and announces she will next wed Ralph Ranlet, a real honest-to-goodness New York business man.

* * *

IF you'll refer to your last summer's issues of Whiz Bang you will find that this astute little family journal reported that Herbert Rawlinson was playing about Catalina with a number of adoring young debutantes and that friend wife, Roberta Arnold, didn't seem to be anywhere about. We “smelled a mouse” even as far back as last August. Her-

bert has filed suit for divorce, charging desertion.

* * *

THE "eyes" have it that Marshall Neilan is looking amorously toward Gloria Swanson these days. He gave a dinner party with Gloria as guest of honor on New Year's Eve, at the Midwick Country Club in Pasadena and there have been other affairs of more informal nature. Blanche Sweet protests, not always too gently or without earshot of others. Blanche, you see, has done her duty. She has been quite constant to Marshall since the days his first wife began blocking his divorce plans and said she never would give him his freedom. The divorce has since taken place, however. Marshall is free, but although he is often seen with Blanche as in the old days, the culmination of their romance has not taken place. It is gossiped about Hollywood that Blanche is none too pleased and friends fear fireworks.

* * *

James Young, now neatly redivorced, dances often with Virginia Faire. Pretty Marjorie Daw steps about with Johnny Harron.

* * *

Grace Darmond's \$10,000 home in Hollywood was recently sold at auction. Grace reports the need of a trip to Europe.

* * *

This is no bull. Just a bum steer.

The Quitter

By Robert W. Service

From Rhymes of a Rolling Stone—By permission of the publishers of Service's Works, Barse & Hopkins, 21-39 Division Street, Newark, N. J.

When you're lost in the Wild, and you're scared as a child,
And Death looks you bang in the eye,
And you're sore as a boil, it's according to Hoyle
To cock your revolver and . . . die.
But the Code of a Man says: "Fight all you can,"
And self-dissolution is barred,
In hunger and woe, oh, it's easy to blow . . .
It's the hell-served-for-breakfast that's hard.

"You're sick of the game!" Well, now, that's a shame.
You're young and you're brave and you're bright.
"You've had a raw deal!" I know—but don't squeal,
Buck up, do your damndest, and fight.
It's the plugging away that will win you the day,
So don't be a piker, old pard!
Just draw on your grit, it's so easy to quit;
It's the keeping-your-chin-up that's hard.

It's easy to cry that you're beaten—and die;
It's easy to crawfish and crawl;
But to fight and to fight when hope's out of sight—
Why, that's the best game of them all!
And though you come out of each gruelling bout,
All broken and beaten and scarred,
Just have one more try—it's dead easy to die,
It's the keeping-on-living that's hard.

* * *

Fade Away

He approached her with a look of tenderness in his eyes. "Darling," he began, as he started to encircle her waist with his arms—

"Put on your brakes, kiddo," she interrupted, "you're nearing a dangerous curve."

* * *

It used to be wine, women and song, but now it is near-beer, your own wife, and community singing.

A Lovely Program

It was at a hop where the name of each waltz on the program was inscribed against the number, and he strolled up to her and asked for a dance or two. She handed him her card.

"May I have 'Nights of Gladness'?" she inquired, pencil in hand.

"Certainly," she replied with a far away look in her eyes. Then she glanced at her card again.

"That comes after 'A Thousand Kisses,' doesn't it?"

* * *

His Only Weakness

A little group was sitting on the veranda of a country club one day, and one of the party, a girl with very short skirts was sitting opposite a Scotchman.

Every little while the girl would pull her skirts down over her knees and the Scotchman, noticing this, said, "It's all right, me lass, me only weakness is whusky."

* * *

Our Monthly Motto

Never look upon a son beam with moonshine.

* * *

Pelican insists that Noah should have thrown his hyenas overboard—they were the laughing-stock of the ark.

* * *

She was as pure as the driven snow until an auto splashed mud all over her.

Biblical Ball Players

An elderly Negro preacher suggested to his flock that they engage in a baseball game—the proceeds to be used in repairing their church edifice. Several deacons strenuously objected, insisting that this money-making scheme was too sacriligious. The colored sky pilot answered the opposition by telling them he could prove by the Bible that baseball was played at the beginning of the world, or rather when this ball of mud was first finished. Here was his defense:

Eve stole first and Adam stole second,
 Saint Peter umpired the game,
 Rebecca went to the well with a pitcher,
 While Ruth in the field won fame;
 Goliath was struck out by David,
 A base hit made on Abel by Cain,
 The Prodigal Son made one home run,
 Brother Noah gave out checks for rain.

* * *

The Two Voices

By George W. Lyon.

Out of the atoms of earth we come,
 Back to the atoms of earth we go;
 Out of the dark of earth to light,
 Back to the dark of earth and night.
 Life is a problem and death is its sum—
 Out of the atoms of earth we come,
 Back to the atoms of earth we go.
 Out of the clod is sped the soul,
 Back to the Giver of Life to go;

Out of the shade of earth and night,
 Back to the glow of realms in light.
 Free is the wine from the clay of the bowl—
 Out of the clod is sped the soul,
 Back to the Giver of Life to go.

* * *

Policemen and clergymen and motion picture people are human but more is expected of them along "statutory" lines.

Questions and Answers

Dear Bill—What would you consider as being the height of absurdity?—**Ivegon Buggs.**

How about the oil stock man who married a woman for her money only to learn later that she had invested it all in oil stocks?

* * *

Dear Missus Billy—Do you know anything about stews.—**Embryo Cook.**

Yes, I ought to; I married one.

* * *

Dear Skipper—What is happier than a little boy on Christmas morn?—**August Fuerst.**

Now, August, if you'll wait till September I'll be glad to answer your query.

* * *

Dear Capt. Billy—Did you meet any stage robbers when you were out West?—**Dainty Marie.**

Yes, I took a couple of chorus girls to dinner.

* * *

Capt. Billy—What is an undertaker?—**Mike Howe.**

An undertaker is a man who follows the medical profession.

Dearest Capt. Billy—What is so rare as a day in June?—**Tessie**.

A red-headed Chinaman.

* * *

Dear Bill—I don't have a pedigreed bull, but I do happen to have a pedigreed goat, and the other day I fed him two pounds of nails and a tomato can. Do you think this will hurt him any?—**Nanny**.

The nails won't hurt him any, but the tomato can.

* * *

Dear Billy—What should I do if a good looking young man tries to kiss me?—**Gertie**.
Hold still.

* * *

Dear Capt. Billy—Why does a chicken cross the road?—**Cradle Kicker**.

Because it has a fowl mind.

* * *

Dear Capt. Billy—Have just moved into Robbinsdale and I am puzzled to know who the mysterious man is who passes our house every day carrying a bag of letters and wearing a gray suit.—**Bada Bjornstad**.

As our friend, Lena Fickle, once answered this inquiry, "Shoot him, he's a Confederate soldier. The Civil War was a frame-up."

* * *

Down E. Nest—Where do we keep Pe o, our bull?

In a pen, of course.

Some People Believe This

A man was zigzagging homeward.

"What's the matter with that fellow over there—the one that's holding onto the lamp post just now? Didn't you see him try to walk along a while ago?"

"Well," said the policeman, "there was a time when I would have said he was drunk; but now I suppose he's rehearsing the memories of the past."

* * *

They tell us about an absent-minded professor of mathematics, who picked up a hair brush instead of a mirror, looked at the brush and murmured: "I certainly **DO NEED** a shave!"

* * *

She (bringing in refreshments)—Do you care for rolls?

He—Oh, this is so sudden!

* * *

Bring On the Bottle

She—You are not feeling well tonight, are you, dearie?

He—I haven't started yet!

* * *

Waiter's Song

That's Peggy's Oatmeal.

* * *

Valparaiso's Song

Why waste your time with her? There's one born every minute.

Wisest He

The lines quoted under the caption, "Wisest He," are from the pen of the late Joaquin Miller. The poem is in the nature of a tribute to Peter Cooper, philanthropist and humanitarian of earlier days.

Honor and glory forever more
To this good man gone to rest;
Peace on the dim Plutonian shore;
Rest in the land of the blest.

I reckon him greater than any man
That ever drew sword in war;
Nobler, better than king or khan,
Better, wiser by far.

Aye, wisest he in this whole wide land
Of hoarding till bent and gray;
For all you can hold in your cold, dead hand
Is what you have given away.

* * *

Filosophy of the Bat

Men take to a double life like women do to
a kimona.

* * *

The doctor is the perambulator of bedside
gossip.

* * *

Women are the only real detectives outside
the profession.

* * *

What with bank robbers, income taxes and
the bolsheviki, the only way to keep your money
is to spend it.

* * *

Even a deaf and dumb girl can say "prunes"
when she wants to be kissed.

Castilian Cankers

BY REV. "GOLIGHTLY" MORRILL

Pastor of the People's Church, Minneapolis, Minn.

TRAVELERS do not tarry long in the old walled city of Toledo, Spain, for there is a placard on the entrance gate prohibiting swearing and lying within. Quite fitting, for Spaniards lie easily, and Spanish oaths are untranslatable, heaping filth on man and God. I photoed a realistic fountain-statue that would drive an American reformer to drink. It is very European in its artistry and recalled the little Manikin at Brussels. In this antique town reigned Roderick, last of the Goths. As usual, a woman was the cause of his fall. His sharp eye was as keen for feminine charms as a Toledo blade, and when he saw the daughter of Count Julian bathing in the golden Tagus, he proceeded to carry out the moving Bible story of David and Bathsheba.

The train ride to Burgos was only a night, but proved to me the tortures of the Inquisition were not abolished. The statues along the banks of the Arlanzon had lost their noses, whether from frost-bite or the prevailing Span-

ish disease, I know not. Burgos is a storied city, the birthplace of the Cid and site of the finest Gothic cathedral in Europe. The gargoyle sculptures are fantastic but not more so than the grotesque and horrible beggars that besiege you everywhere. They look as if roasted on Hell's gridiron, and resemble the prize productions of the *Comprachicos* who, in the seventeenth century, carried on the trade of kidnapping, marring and mutilating children to furnish ugly dwarfs for the kings. With their sores and smells they suggested ambulatory hospitals.

Barcelona is the liveliest city in the land, the heart, lungs and liver of Spain. Splendid are its churches, museum, art gallery, Colon statue, parks, prados, bull-rings and Liceo, largest theatre in the world. Its harbor is filled with ships from every clime, and its slums harbor every known vice and crime. Some of the side streets are as dangerous as those in London and Sydney. Off the *Rambla* you step into a rathskellar—a meeting place of the demimonde—incongruously fitted out in the style of a mediaeval church. Printed catalogs are furnished travelers with lists of bad houses, with names and accomplishments of inmates. Cabarets open about 10:30 and run till 3:00 A. M., with dance hall and roulette tables in conjunction. Everywhere you see "posádas," infamous inns of liaison, and there are dives where "living pictures" of Sapphic and Sadic

love are posed and acted with all the cynical callousness of ancient Alexandria and Rome. It is not unusual for a poor girl to go insane, but instead of being sent to an asylum, she is locked in an attic room to suffer and shriek, often startling the revellers below. Here are hag-procuresses who, for 100 pesetas, will bring to their places any girl, rich or poor, whom you may have taken a fancy to on the street. On the *Paralelo* I dropped into a Spanish music hall, with the French name of *Moulin Rouge*, and saw some girls cavort around half-naked on the stage. They shook their bared breasts while the house shook with laughter. In Valencia dance-halls some are only clothed with a cutaneous eruption. They are only paid about 15 pesetas a month by the management, so after their act they come up into the gallery boxes and make assignations with admirers. The best show is usually in the boxes, not on the stage, where a few extra pesetas, the *bonita muchachas* will expose their hidden charms. Such naive animalism, such amiable iniquity leads one to think Aristotle was right when he devoted a chapter to woman in his "History of Animals." I was not sorry to leave this exhibition of galvanized gyrating, which lacked the passionate boldness and voluptuous suppleness of the dancing of southern Spain.

When the sunshine and shadow of Spain are forgotten, one thing will remain. Just before sailing, I tossed a silver coin on the wharf

to an old fellow, bare-headed, bare-footed, hairy-chested and picturesquely robed in a ragged serape. He smiled, danced, sang and politely refused the money. The Spanish roustabouts laughed and said he was crazy. Perhaps, but he seemed happier than many money-mad Americans I know.

* * *

There Was An Old Geezer

There was an old geezer and he had a wooden leg,
No tobacco could he borrow, no tobacco could he beg;
But another old geezer was as cunning as a fox,
And he always had tobacco in his old tobacco box.

Said the first old geezer, "Will you give me a chew?"
Said the second old geezer, "No, darn me if I do;
Go save up your money, go save up your rocks,
And you'll always have tobacco in your old tobacco box."

* * *

Yiddish Salesmanship

Cohen demonstrated Yiddish salesmanship to his son, Abie.

Lady Customer—Three dollars for this silk? Why, I bought some last week for two dollars!

Cohen—I know that, Lady, but the silk worms in the old country are dying out and the price of silk is going up.

The lady bought the silk, and another customer came in to buy some tape. Abie was a quick learner. When she complained at the price of the tape, Abie replied:

"I know that, Lady, but the tape worms in the old country are dying out, and the price of tape is going up."

Fable of the Silly Ass

Long, long ago, the Bear, the Fox, and the Ass were walking by the edge of a wood when the notes of a horn rang clear and melodious from amid the trees.

"Oho, a horn!" quoth Reynard. "That means that they will hunt me. I'm off."

And he soon became a little red streak on the hillside.

"Aha, a horn!" quoth Bruin. "That means they will beat me to make me dance. I'm off." And the Bear lumbered away.

"What oh, a horn!" soliloquised the Ass, thus left solitary. "That means music, and music means dancing, and where there's dancing there's flirting! I'm staying here."

And that Ass thoroughly enjoyed himself.

* * *

Beautiful if True

*If the whole world came and said
Unkind things of you,
And they all deserted you,
And friends were mighty few,
If the very angels turned
Away from you
I'd take you in my arms
And still believe you true.*

* * *

Little Johnny had played hookey so he forged this absence note, supposedly sent from his mother: "Please forgive Johnny's absence Wednesday as it was Good Friday and he went to church."

Land of the Grape and Tea

Here is "The Song of the Moonshiners" that was recently read into the Congressional Record by Senator Stanley of Kentucky:

"My country 'tis of thee,
Land of grape juice and tea.
Of thee I sing.
Land where we all have tried
To break the law and lied,
From every mountain side
The bootlegs spring.

"My native country thee,
Land of home brewery,
Thy brew I love.
I love thy booze and thrills
And thy illicit stills,
The moonshine runs in rills
From high above."

* * *

Oh, Farmer, Farmer Sit On Your Fence

Farmer Brown is shiftless,
With work he's always late;
A storm blew all his fences down,
And he couldn't propagate.

* * *

A Boozehound's Lament

*Jam comes from fruit, says Jim,
From hogs we get our hams;
He says with equal vim,
Wetgoods give him Jimjams.*

* * *

Whiz Bang Health Hint

Yes, Madge, walking sometimes keeps one
from becoming fat.

* * *

To make a Roman punch—call him a liar.

The Modern Don Quixote

Written for the Whiz Bang by the author of "The Face Upon the Floor."

By H. A. D'Arcy.

Sir Sycophant Smug, of doubtful renown,
Was probably raised in a jerk-water town,
He early resolved he would make a great name,
And slyly looked out to accomplish the same.
A slacker at heart, he refused to think
Of soiling his hands with hammer or ink.
When they asked him to work, he tossed up his head,
And declared he would be a reformer instead.
"I intend to do something for evil or good,
Some graft that will make me a rich livelihood."
A brilliant idea came into his mind,
No piker reward, but millions behind.
"The morality game is an excellent bet,
And the suckers will swarm to get into my net,
I will go for the babies who live at their ease,
With my gift of the gab I can easily squeeze
Their cheque books and purses of money galore,
If I tell them I want to give help to the poor."
The scheme that this gay Don Quixote now planned
Was to stop all the drinking of booze in the land.
No wine, Beer or Spirits should cheer the poor guy,
Unless he were rich and could seize a supply,
He closed the saloons and promised in time,
To show dancing an evil and kissing a crime.
A ban on tobacco, if possibly made,
Would bring him a fortune from chewing gum trade.
Base-ball he'd abolish, the joy of the fan,
In fact, he would block all the pleasures of man.
So here's to Sir Sycophant, curse on his name,
May his backers discover the truth of his game.
May he live till his ego like dish water ooze
And roll down to — in a barrel of booze.

* * *

From Gus, Our Lyrical Liar

Your chickens gave me lots of work,
I think you ought to slay them,
They never seemed to find their things
In the place they thought they laid 'em.

* * *

He called her Honey because she had the hives.

Could She Do It?

A lady went into a five and dime store,
And gave the clerk a pain;
"Hurry, wrap up this mouse-trap," she said,
"I want to catch a train."

* * *

Very Kiddish Yiddish

XX
My neighbor made some Jewish beer,
The very best I've had this year;
A funny name, you say, to chose,
But that's the kind, you see, Hebrews.

* * *

X
A tomcat sat upon the fence,
A bull dog stood upon the ground,
The tomcat jumped on the bull dog's back
And the world went round and round.

* * *

Some Silly Bull

I've owned cattle by the herd,
Of cows my barn is full;
To you it may sound quite absurd
But Pedro is my syllable.

* * *

If They Wrote the Truth

Dear Wife—I'm writing you with a bottle
of hootch in one hand and a prescription in the
other.

* * *

Maud Is Maudlin

XX
"The engine's missing, Maud," he said;
As the fliv beside the road stopped dead,
"Well, my dear," said she, "don't mind it,
Let's walk back and try to find it."

Can You Blame Her?

Judge—And what are your grounds for divorce?

Young Bride—Harry snores.

Judge—How long have you been married?

Y. B.—Two weeks.

Judge—Granted, he shouldn't snore.

—Colgate Banter.

* * *

Do not pray for easy lives!

Pray to be stronger men!

Do not pray for tasks equal to your powers,

Pray for powers equal to your tasks!

Then the doing of your work will be no miracle,

But you shall be a miracle.

Every day you shall wonder at yourself,

At the richness of life which has come in you by the grace of God.

—Phillips Brooks.

* * *

An Old Wise Crack

Riches, like the bull, do no good till they are spread.

* * *

I Am

I am. How little more I know;

Whence came I? Whither do I go?

I centred self which feels and is!

A cry between two silences—

A shaft from Natures quiver cast

Into the future from the past;

Between the cradle and the shroud

A meteor flight from cloud to cloud.

* * *

“Pa, what is the meaning of pas de deux?”
Father of five—“Never mind, run away and play like a good boy.”

This Is a Nice One

Abie drove into the garage all surrounded by Henry's offsprings, with a big stogie stuck in his face.

"Hey," yelled the irate garage man, "don't you see the sign, 'NO SMOKIN'?"

"Vell," said Abie, "it don't say Positively."

* * *

Nightly Prayers

Now I lay me down to sleep,
Under the pillow bedbugs creep,
If they should bite before I wake
I hope to gawsh their jaws will break.

* * *

Boy—"Say, pop, I'm going to cut off the dog's tail."

Pop—"Why don't you cut off a little every day and make it less painful for him?"

* * *

Captain Billy—I should think the star-fish of the sea would be a mermaid's husband.

* * *

Speaking about stocking styles, our Colgate friend says it would be lots of fun to be a professor in a girl's school looking over the class roll every morning.

* * *

Baby Needs a Pair o' Shoes

I know my baby will be a good gambler when he grows up because he swallowed a pair of dice the other day and just naturally coughed up seven.

More Truth Than Poultry

Women and eggs are alike, insofar as it is not possible to judge their virtues from outside appearances.

* * *

Here's Ho, Ham

When your heels hit hard and your head feels queer
And your thoughts rise up like foam on beer,
And your knees get weak and your voice gets strong,
And you laugh all night at some darn fool song—
Then you're cuckooed, my boy, plain cuckooed.

* * *

S'Deep Stuff

A gambler likes action for money. Some other high-steppin' humans like money for action.

* * *

They're Hard to Please

I had a sweetie; name was Tim,
Other boys said they envied him;
He was a loving little cuss,
But not my style—too timerous.

I had a sweetie; name was Jo,
Had a car and lots of dough,
One night he grabbed my garden hose,
"Jo," I said, "you're too jocose.

* * *

Strict Interpretation

Pullman conductor—See here, porter, what do you mean by hanging a red lantern on that berth?

Rastus—Rule 23 says to hang out a red light when the rear end of the sleeper is exposed, sah.—Jester.

Whiz Bang Editorials

"The Bull is Mightier Than the Bullet."

ONE night in Paris, a poor, sick and disheartened man hurried along to the miserable garret where he lived. The boulevards were dark, with a dim light struggling here and there, the sleety snow froze his face, while the cold wind pierced his thin coat.

As he stumbled along, his eyes filled with tears, a big light suddenly flashed through an open door. In that glow he saw a father approach the threshold, wife and children come to meet him, and the light of the fireplace fell on their happy faces, like a glimpse of heaven. Then the door was closed, the brightness shut out, and John Howard Payne was left alone in darkness and despair.

After he reached his room he lit a candle, sat down at his old table, and, shivering before a cold hearth, with thought of home across the sea, of its fireside warmth, of a father's voice hushed in death, of a mother's smile buried under the sod, of schoolmates now playing truant forever, he wrote his "Home, Sweet Home" 'mid fast-falling tears.

Payne will be long and lovingly remembered, not because he was a popular actor for thirty years, or a dramatist of successful plays, but as a man who, though homeless for the last thirty years of his life, nevertheless wrote a song which has cheered loneliness, melting the ice gathered on hearts through years of sin and hardship—of the sailor-lad on the deep, the miner crushing quartz in the Golden Valley, the herdsman galloping over the plain, the traveler in foreign lands, and explorer in darkest Africa.

Home may be "humble" in cave or cliff lighted with stars, tent or reeds lit with firefly, log or clay cabin illumined by fireplace and candle, but blot out this word "home," and you blot out the words hope, happiness and heaven. Without the idea of home, labor is lifeless, literature is dull, canvas fades, marble crumbles, music is silent, the sky has no sun, man has no soul and heaven has no God.

"Home! home! sweet, sweet home!

There's no place like home!"

* * *

THE Rev. John Wesley Holland delivers the following sensible sermon on "Hot Boxes," through the columns of *The Crescent*, which is the official organ of the Shriners.

"Why in—don't we go?" The owner of the voice was a big man of business, and was in a hurry. The train, the finest that American ingenuity could invent, was stalled. You ought to have seen that engine. Twin four; horse power to burn; the last word

from Baldwin's. Ten coaches filled with people all on nerves. They talked, fidgeted, and were thinking of their connections to make in distant cities and sea ports. Yet there was the great "Limited" standing inert and helpless on the prairies, ten miles from a city, because of a measley little HOT BOX!

Trains, like chains, break, in their weakest places. Some man failed to grease the boxing, and it stopped the finest train that was ever coupled together. I watched the smoke from the burning packing whiff away in the wind, and wondered if the hot box realized how important a thing it was. Vain man; you may build your train finer than the palaces of kings; you can illuminate it till it glides through the night like a thing celestial; you can fill its boiler with power till it moves with the majesty of a planet, but one HOT BOX will put it out of commission.

The OVERINDULGENCE hot box slays its thousands! Some wise old general once said, "An army travels on its stomach." Everybody does. The baby begins by putting things in its mouth. It has to, or it will die. Many men are grown-up babies. There was Tom. What an eater he was. Banquets were his specialty. He would not go to the church unless there were "eats." He began to pile on flesh at 25. By 30 he had an 18-carat belly. As HE GAINED PAUNCH he lost PUNCH!

The SENSUALITY hot box is well known. The shore of the sea of life is constantly littered up with the hideous wreckage of the sensuels. A man can work under many hard handicaps and succeed, but the man who gives "his strength to women" is a GONER. Caesar and Antony had a gay time with a certain woman, but the woman finished one of them, and almost drove the other from his throne. WOMANHOOD, the kind that our Mothers possess, the glory that blushes in the face of a faithful wife, and shines from a sister's eyes, is the supreme thing in this world. Before a man can be born, a woman has almost to die. No man worthy of the name MAN, can treat woman's honor lightly. The man I am thinking of was slated for the president of his company. He began to pay the bills of "another woman," and hell was to pay. He never became president. His hot box got him. He was stalled in middle life without the power to pull again. For several millions of years moths have been having fun with flames, and for untold ages men and women have cast themselves into a fire that only succeeded in developing the hot box that destroys their glory.

MORAL:...It is safer to ride on a SLOW FREIGHT with cool BEARINGS, than on a FAST TRAIN with a HOT BOX! Selah.

If you just keep on "plugging," you're sure to arrive,

The day may be near or be far;

But the man who works on and is never dismayed

Lives under a favorable star.

*The genius, so called, who works like the wind
For awhile, and then slacks his pace,
When matched with the "plugger," who works every day,
Is sure to lose out in the race.
HASTE seldom spells HURRY, for the slow moving wheel
Will better stand up to the knocks,
And come to the end of the day 'neath its load,
Without the attendant HOT BOX!*

* * *

HIS HAIR was snowy white, face like wrinkled parchment, shoulders stooped under the weight of many years, step slow and feeble, and he leaned not so much for support on his old cane as on the arm of an elderly woman. I saw her sweet face attentive to his wants; heard her talk to him; watched her point out the pretty houses and gardens, and when she turned her face it was so like his that I knew she was his daughter, and that she was caring for his second childhood as he had for her first many years ago.

In all this sad, sin-sick world, where man's love comes and goes like the ebbing tide, it is woman's love which remains like Gibraltar. As *Neighbor*—she is merciful and not marble-hearted, her hand helps the poor and her ear listens to their cry; she kneels with tear-wet face at the side of the coffined dead; she may not be known as writer, musician, or social leader, but she is a simple, sincere soul that shines like a star in darkest night. As *Christian Worker*—without her prayers the meeting would be weak, the preacher speak to a small

congregation his family have less to live on, and the poor Magdalene no one to lead her from gloomy past to the morning of a future Eden. As *Sweetheart*—not padded and painted, frilled and flirtatious, perverse and petulant, good for nothing much except to look at or take to movies or dances, she inspires to high ideals and illustrates the virtues of faith, hope and charity. As *Sister*—not extravagant, vain of her beauty, wasting her time and strength on self, but helpful to mother, kind to father, and a hand of heaven to help a wayward brother. As *Wife*—to be depended on, to rejoice in success, to sympathize in defeat and be as harbor to a seasick traveler; with work never done and busy when others rest, and awake while they sleep, she makes the little home, in which she is caged, large and beautiful as paradise. As *Mother*—her love is pure and primal next to Christ, the Mother heart of God; it is she who rubs away the tear from the eye, bruise from foot and ache from heart; her smile rewards, her patient toil blesses. Queen of hearts, her children bow to the sceptre of her love. She may be plain, homely and poorly dressed, but living or dead is heaven's greatest gift; mother's tears were the April showers bringing sunshine after storm; her songs caused Sleep to fold her wings above our couch; her prayers lifted us on wings to heaven. It is her precious memory which makes us write with love's finger

S HE moaned and tossed on the bed as I entered the room. Tired and sick she looked at me with her deep dark eyes and said, "If my boy could only take care of himself I'd be glad to have the good Lord take me home." And who was her boy? A man grown old, lying on a cot and through accident almost as helpless as when a baby she cradled him in her arms and sang him to sleep.

Once she had been a sweet dimpled baby; a pretty, petted child; a bright-eyed school girl; a woman with a heart filled with whispers of love; a sweetheart with sunshine in her face and speech; a wife with duty, affection and hope-dream of the future; a mother with love, prayer and help for the little life that came to her; a widow with sorrow like frost on flowers; now old, poor and alone, the hand skinny, the eye filled with life's ashes, her lips speaking of buried joys, and her feet weary of the long journey, whose milestones were dead hopes and friends.

While I sat in that dingy little room it suddenly grew large and beautiful and I thought of her mother's love. Pure love: Life's sun had almost set, and the shadows were lengthening on the graves of her loved, while she lingered late and lonely because her boy needed her. Deathless love: The luster had faded from her eye, her hair grown gray and thin, her face was wrinkled with grief and poverty, her hands were worn and fevered, yet she was more

beautiful than the giddy girl who passed by on the other side of the street, and as much more to be respected as the old spar is, which lies wrecked on the beach, listening to the whisper and roar of the sea it once rode on, compared with the new little row-boat on the shore.

Close by were towering business houses, a market filled with produce, an avenue filled with young and strong on errands of business and pleasure, all climbing hurriedly to the summit of success while she was slowly coming down by the path that leads to the grave, sustained by her love for "my boy," love second only to that of Christ, the mother heart of God.

Earth's prizes gone; path tangled with withered flowers and vines; no appetite for life's banquet, as in days of youth, but a love greater and stronger, touching her face and filling her life for her boy, man-baby whom she gave bone and blood. "My boy," echoed in my ears as I left her living in the past when he was a baby, the present when he is as helpless as a child, and wondering what the future will be for him when she is gone. God bless her—and for us, let us be kind to all women, to aged women, but most of all to the old mother, for "A mother is a mother still, the holiest thing alive."

* * *

Happiness is a flivver that has to be cranked up but trouble has a self-starter that never fails to work.

Who Is a Christian?

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Who is a Christian in this Christian land
Of many churches and lofty spires?
Not he who sits in soft, upholstered pews
Bought by the profits of unholy greed
And looks devotion while he thinks of gain.

Not he who sends petitions from the lips,
That lie tomorrow, in the street and mart.
Not he who fattens on another's toil,
And flings his unearned riches to the poor,
Or aids the heathen with a lessened wage,
And builds cathedrals with an increased rent.

Christ, with Thy great, sweet, simple creed of Love,
How must Thou weary of Earth's "Christian" clans,
Who preach salvation through Thy saving blood
While planning slaughter of their fellow men.

Who is a Christian? It is one whose life
Is built on love, on kindness and on faith;
Who holds his brother as his other self;
Who toils for justice, equity and peace.
And hides no aim or purpose in his heart
That will not chord with universal good.

Though he be pagan, heretic or Jew,
That man is Christian and beloved of Christ.

* * *

Thou Art Gone

By Thomas Sinley

Written at the time of the death of his daughter.

Thou are gone from my gaze,
Like a beautiful dream,
And I seek thee in vain
By the meadow and stream.

Oft I breathe thy dear name
To the winds floating by,
But the sweet voice is mute
To my bosom's lone sigh.

* * *

Fools rush in where husbands fear to tread.

A New Way to Do It

"Yes, sir, some burglars got into the house last night, bound me to a chair and gagged me."

"Then what did you do?"

"Why I sat around all night and chewed the rag."

* * *

Book Agent—"Mrs. Casey, these twenty volumes of the affairs of famous women will keep your husband home nights for one year."

* * *

Marvelous Missouri Blues

X
Small Paul hit his mule with a maul,
While stealing with stealth past his stall;
The mule put his heels
Where Paul put his meals—
Mule's heels—between meals—some pall.

* * *

XL
Attend your church, the parson cries,
To church each fair one goes;
The old go there to close their eyes,
The girls to eye their clothes.

* * *

Spank On, Macduff

XXX
Wennis is my girlie's name,
Weinie is my boy's,
They make my life a rough old game,
With madcap grief and joys.
And when my nerves are going fast
And I feel as though I'd burst,
I spank my little Wennis last
But spank my Weinie worst.

* * *

The last guy I want to do business with is the undertaker.

Smokehouse Poetry

A few days ago Mr. Ed. E. Ford, then playing in an original act at the Orpheum Theatre in Minneapolis, journeyed out to Robbinsdale to pay his respects to Captain Billy, Mrs. Billy, Maggie the cook, and Pedro Junior, our pedigreed bull. Mr. Ford entertained the Whiz Bang farm household and Deacon Miller's family with his famous recitation "Whether You're Jew or Christian," and so delighted us that he consented to permit Smokehouse Poetry to feature this recitation in the June issue. It goes something like this—

"But a Jewish chaplain saw him;
What matter the faith or creed,
A Jewish rabbi—He raised on high,
The cross of the Christ he must still deny,
And he prayed by his side till he saw him die,
And the poor bruised soul was freed."

* * *

'Ostler Joe

This old favorite of many generations is hereby republished by request of new readers who have not been able to obtain the complete poem. This gem of life and love originally was published under the name of "Phryne's Husband," but constant usage has given it the adopted name of 'Ostler Joe.—The Editor.

I stood at eve, when the sun went down, by a grave where a
woman lies,
Who lured men's souls to the shores of sin with the light of her
wanton eyes.
Who sang the song that the Siren sang on the treacherous Lurley
height.

Whose face was as fair as a summer day and whose heart was as black as night.

Yet a blossom I fain would pluck today from the garden above her dust:

Not the Languorous lily of soulless sin nor the blood-red rose of lust:

But a sweet white blossom of holy love that grew in the one green spot

In the arid desert of Phryne's life, where all was parched and hot.

In the summer when the meadows were aglow with blue and red Joe, the Ostler of the Magpie, and fair Annie Smith were wed.

Plump was Annie plump and pretty, with a cheek as fair as snow;

He was anything but handsome was the Magpie's Ostler, Joe.

But he won the winsome lassie. They'd a cottage and a cow,

And her matronhood sat lightly on the village beauty's brow.

Sped the months and came a baby—such a blue eyed baby boy!

Joe was working in the stables when they told him of his joy.

He was rubbing down the horses, and he gave them then and there

All a special feed of clover, just in honor of the heir;

It had been his great ambition, and he told the horses so,

That the fates would send a baby who might bear the name of Joe.

Little Joe the child was christened, and, like babies, grew apace;

He'd his mother's eyes of azure and his father's honest face;

Swift the happy years went over, years of blue and cloudless sky;

Love was lord of that small cottage, and the tempests passed them by.

Passed them by for years, then swiftly burst in fury o'er their home

Down the lane by Annie's cottage chanced a gentleman to roam;

Thrice he came and saw her sitting by the window with her child.

And he nodded to the baby, and the baby laughed and smiled.

So at last it grew to know him—little Joe was nearly four;

He would call the pretty gemmen, as he passed the open door.

And one day he ran and caught him and in child's play pulled him in,

And the baby Joe had prayed for brought about the mother's sin.

'Twas the same old wretched story that for ages bards have sung;

'Twas a woman weak and wanton and a villain's tempting tongue;

'Twas a picture deftly painted for a silly creature's eyes

Of the Babylonian wonders and the joy that in them lies.

Annie listened and was tempted: she was tempted and she fell,

As the angel fell from heaven to the blackest depths of hell;

She was promised wealth and splendor and a life of guilty sloth.

Yellow gold for child and husband—and the woman left them both.

Home one eve came Joe the Ostler with a cherry cry of "Wife!"

Finding that which blurred forever all the story of his life:

She had left a silly letter—through the cruel scrawl he spelt;

Then he sought the lonely bed-room joined his horny hands and knelt.

"Now, O Lord! O God! forgive her for she ain't to blame!" he cried.

"For I owt t'a seen her trouble, and a gone away and died. Why, a wench like her—God bless her! 'twasn't likely as her'd rest.

With that bonny head forever on a Ostler's ragged vest.

"It was kind o' her to bear me all this long and happy time.

So for my sake please to bless her, though you count her deed a crime.

If so be I don't pray proper, Lord, forgive me, for You see I can talk alright to 'osses, but I'm nervous like with Thee; Ne'er a line came to the cottage from the woman who had flown; Joe the baby died that winter, and the man was left alone. Ne'er a bitter word he uttered, but in silence kissed the rod, Saving what he told his horses, saving what he told his God.

Far away in mighty London rose the wanton into fame, For her beauty won men's homage, and she prospered in her shame. Quick from lord to lord she flitted higher still each prize she won. And her rivals paled beside her as the stars beside the sun. Next she trod the stage half-naked, and she dragged a temple down

To the level of a market for the women of the town, And the kisses she had given to poor Ostler Joe for naught With their gold and priceless jewels rich and titled rouses bought. Went the years with flying footsteps, while her star was at its height;

Then the darkness came on swiftly, and the gloaming turned to night.

Shattered strength and faded beauty tore the laurels from her brow.

Of the thousands who had worshipped never one came near her now.

Broken down in health and fortune, men forgot her very name, Till the news that she was dying woke the echoes of her fame; And the papers in their gossip mentioned how an "actress" lay. Sick to death in humble lodgings, growing weaker every day. One there was who read the story in a far-off country place, And that night the dying woman woke and looked upon his face, Once again the strong arms clasped her that had clasped her long ago,

And the weary head lay pillowed on the breast of Ostler Joe. All the past had he forgiven, all the sorrows and the shame;

He had found her sick and lonely, and his wife he now could claim,

Since the Grand folks who had known her one and all had slunk away.

He could clasp his long-lost darling, and no man would tell him nay.

In his arms death found her lying, in his arms her spirit fled;
And his tears came down in torrents as he knelt beside her dead.
Never once his love had faltered through her base unhallowed life;
And the stone above her ashes bears the honored name of wife.

That's the blossom I fain would pluck today from the garden above her dust;

Not the languorous lily of soulless sin nor the blood-red rose of lust;

But a sweet white blossom of holy love that grew in the one green spot

In the arid desert of Phryne's life, where all was parched and hot.

* * *

The Straight and Narrow Path

Life is nothing but a riddle

From the start into the middle

And when you reach the end you will find

Life is nothing but a joke.

And your friends will act like Quakers

Only prove to be hand shakers

They can surely shake you when you're broke,

You will try to make a borrow

But you'll find out to your sorrow

That it's mighty hard to meet old mister friend

When you're poorer than a sparrow

Stick right to the straight and narrow

It's the only road that wins out in the end.

You can make the world believe that you're an angel

But it's mighty hard to face your mother once you fall

The wise guy will grin and call you funny

But in the long run he is the rummy.

When the good and bad will balance on the square

And if He says, "No you can't get up There"

So remember in all your travel

With the little rocks and gravel.

The straight road is a great road after all.

What Is Life to You?

To the preacher life's a sermon
 To the joker it's a jest;
 To the miser life is money
 To the loafer life is rest.
 To the lawyer life's a trial
 To the poet life's a song
 To the doctor life's a patient
 That needs treatment right along
 To the soldier life's a battle
 To the teacher life's a school;
 Life's a good thing to the grafter,
 It's a failure to the fool.
 To the man upon the engine
 Life's a long and heavy grade;
 It's a gamble to the gambler,
 To the merchant life is trade.
 Life is but a long vacation
 To the man who loves his work;
 Life's an everlasting effort
 To shun duty, to the shirk.
 To the earnest Christian worker
 Life's a story ever new;
 Life is what we try to make it—
 Brother, what is life to you?

* * *

The Man That's In Tune

There's lots of good in this good world of ours,
 There's plenty of sunshine comes in twixt the showers
 Old earth isn't stingy and heaven's liberal too,
 And they pay us up prompt for whatever we do;
 But I like to sort out the good things of this earth,
 And mark them and tag them for just what they're worth,
 And in my estimation the world's choicest boon
 The best of them all is—the man that's in tune.

In tune with the mountains, the sea and the wood,
 With the sorrows and joys of the great brotherhood
 In tune with the earth, the planets and stars,
 And when you arrive at the big golden bars
 And you hear that choir sing and you want to enroll
 The angels will just thrum the cords of your soul
 And your spirit wakes from it's least earthly swoon
 With the gates wide open for the man that's in tune.

No Time to Quit

There's a time to part and a time to meet,
There's a time to sleep and a time to eat,
There's a time to work and a time to play,
There's a time to sing and a time to pray,
There's a time that's glad and a time that's blue,
There's a time to plan and a time to do,
There's a time to grin and to show your grit—
But there never was a time to quit.

* * *

The Old Time Runaway Train

Slowed down by Nation Jones.

A runaway train came down the track,
And she flew, she flew,
A runaway train came down the track,
And she flew, she flew;
A runaway train came down the track,
She hit a freight and broke her back
And she flew, flew, flew, flew,
The son-of-a-gun she flew.

The fireman he was shoveling coal,
And she flew (continue the motion as above)
And the coal ran into the fiery bowl,
And she flew, etc., etc., etc.
The Newsie he was selling his gum,
And she flew, etc.
When a bum bought some and stole his rum,
And she flew, etc.

The porter's name was Ebony Jones,
And she flew, etc.
He was a highfaluter with a pair of bones
And she flew, etc.

The switchman he was turning the switch,
And she flew, etc.
The heavy old freight ran into the ditch,
And she flew, etc.

* * *

Diplomacy?

"Let's kiss and make up,"
Said she in a huff:
"I'll kiss you," said he,
"But you're made up enough."

To the Underdog

The following poem was written by an inmate of the Multnomah County jail, Portland, Oregon, and was signed—

By Wallie Mack

Brace up fellows on the outside,
Take your hardship with a smile;
Better days will soon be coming,
So have courage for a while.

Though your purse is slightly busted,
And you miss your cup of tea,
There's no cause to feel disgusted
For you still have liberty.

Sometimes you may feel unlucky,
And you're getting all the blame;
That the time to show you're plucky
And that you can play the game.

So buck up, old pals; keep trying,
Soon you'll find some worthwhile pay
For the boys that do the sighing
Always see the rainy day.

Any time your heart feels weary
And you're giving up the chase,
Just recall—in jail are many
who would gladly take your place.

* * *

Ho! Jackie

Your bright blue eyes are a sailor's eyes,
Your hungry heart is a sailor's, too,
And I know each port that you pass through,
Will give one lass both bonney and wise
Who has learned light love from a sailor's eyes.

* * *

Cock-a-Doodle-Do

By John Kendrick Bangs

I love to watch the rooster crow,
He's like so many men I know
Who brag and bluster, rant and shout
To beat their many chests without
The next damn thing to brag about.

The Girl With the Broken Wing

By the Poet of the Pines

Poor little girl with the broken wing,
No more her withering soul will sing;
Robbed in her bloom of her silken snood,
God's priceless gift to womanhood.
Poor little girl with trembling lips
All steeped in shame to her thin finger tips;
Begging and pleading and staking all
For a lift from the man who encompassed her fall.

Scorned and rejected, at last cast aside
To float with the derelicts on life's restless tide,
And bear all alone and in silence the blame
Of the wreck and the ruin besmirching her name.
Her traducer high up in the councils is perched
While his frail little victim is left in the lurch—
Is it fair, is it just, is it equity, pray,
For the woman to suffer and the man go his way?

* * *

No Chance, No Gain

Build as thou wilt, and as thy light is given;
Build as thou wilt, unspoiled by praise or blame;
Then, if at last what thou hast built shall fall—
Dissolve and vanish—take to thyself no shame.
They fail, and they alone, who have not striven.

* * *

In the stillness of night
Yet I will not repine,
Ere long we shall meet
In the home that's now thine.

For I feel thou are near,
And where'er I may be,
That the spirit of Love
Keeps a watch over me.

* * *

Well, What of It?

My girl was feeling bad,
She had a terrible cough,
So she danced the shimmy,
And tried to shake it off.

Movie Hot Stuff

THE Lasky Studio seems to be furnishing its full quota of scandals for the whole industry to defend. First, Arbuckle, then the mysterious poisoning of the young girl scenario writer of the eastern Lasky studios and its subsequent "hushing up."

Then Paul Kramer, movie director, who was recently shot in Hollywood. Kramer's mother-in-law is held for his murder.

Then Taylor's death.

In quality of productions, Lasky stands supreme. Better clean up the backyard, Lasky.

* * *

VON STROHEIM and the Universal, you remember, had a lively set-to about the cutting of his production, "Foolish Wives."

Which brings to mind the fact that a showman offered Carl Laemmle of Universal \$50,000 for the expurgated portions of "Foolish Wives." One of these interludes showed the eminent Mr. von Stroheim giving a cold cream body massage to a very pretty young thing, it is said. And they do say the scenes of oriental abandon in "The Mistress of the World," the

German serial now being shown over here, were—well—super heated. But the importers sliced them all out.

Now we hear more cutting troubles over another production. Omar Khayyam has deserted his Persian vineyards and tent making shops and jumped into headlines.

In the first place, Ferdinand Penney Earle conceived the idea of putting "Omar Khayyam" on the screen. A Los Angeles lady of means known as "Queenie" (Note: Lots of gossip as to where her wealth was made!!) with apologies for our familiarity, put up the coin. When it was done she decided Mr. Earle shouldn't cut and title the picture, so put it under her arm and started for New York. Ferdinand, however, deftly kept a couple of reels hidden somewhere, so they had to send for him to complete the production. He went. An armistice was signed. Earle caught the "flu" but, although confined to his bed with illness, he edited and cut it from his hospital bed, not, it seems to be thwarted by a mere woman "angel."

* * *

EVERYONE is laughing over the rift on the Selznick maison. You see, young Myron Selznick went to London a few months ago and fell heavily for Evelyn Laye, dancing in a British revue. He visioned the young lady's name in electric lights on Broadway as star in Selznick pictures—and he told

Miss Laye all about it. You can guess his popularity.

But imagine Myron's surprise when he returned home and broached the new star to papa, Louis J. Selznick. Papa would have none of it. But Myron goes right on planning. He has even started a publicity campaign for Miss Laye. But the young lady is still dancing in Lon'on. Still, papa may relent.

* * *

THE movie folk in the East are about as active as a brown bear in midwinter. You need an ear more acute than the hearing apparatus of a redskin to detect the faint sounds of secret social activities. The cinema celebrities just aren't taking chances. The way the Eastern newspapers have been playing up the Taylor murder has scared them to death. The bullet that ended the Los Angeles director's life has probably done more to bring fil-em husbands and wives together for the time being than anything short of a blast on the judgment day cornet.

If the murder did nothing else, it at least established the fact that Mary Miles Minter has at last reached the age of nineteen. Mary has been eighteen for as far back as we can remember. Another interesting thing about cinema murder is the way it brings the movie fathers to life. The flapper stars move placidly along with their mammas in tow until the dire deed is done. Then the pappas appear,

Mary's turned up somewhere in Texas and carried the cognomen of Reilly, or something like that.

Of course, there are brooding near-scandals. For instance, there are rumors of a screen comedienne and a dancer who was appearing at the moment in a Los Angeles hotel. The comedienne had recently left her husband and—Well, the lady was rushed Eastward by her sister and all seems to be well, at least for the time being. Wonder what the famous tango dancer thinks?

* * *

Our Monthly Sob Song

'Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have been "stung" at all.

* * *

He—"Yessir! The sheriff came right into the kitchen this morning and arrested him."

She—"Land sakes! What for?"

He—"Caught him poaching eggs."

* * *

"Where is your garter, Madge?"

"Oh, somewhere around the house."

"Er—isn't that stretching it a bit?"

* * *

Whiz Bang's Proverb

A sock on the foot is worth two on the jaw.

* * *

The tailor made my pants the same in front as behind. Now I don't know whether I'm going to work or coming home.

Classified Ads

A Mysterious Case

(From Richmond News Leader)

Lost: In Jitney, between Hanover and Robinson street and Ninth and Broad between 10:45 and 11:15 o'clock, package containing silk bloomers and pea jacket. Return to Miss Dembrow, in care of News Leader Co.

* * *

Either Sex

(From Seattle P.-I.)

GENTLEMAN leaving for Far North wants partner, either sex. Little capital required. Gen. Del. will not ans. Object matrimony. Address W 6, care Post-Intelligencer.

* * *

Congratulations All Around

(From Bellows Falls (Vt.) Times.)

Born, at Rockingham hospital on November 20th, a son to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Man. Congratulations. Altogether, the affair was a success and a credit to all in any way responsible.

* * *

Toot, Toot, Here Comes the Handcar

(From the Saturday Evening Post)

At this moment a car flew up the quiet street, tootled and stopped. In the exact space of half a minute, Mary came in. Mary was bronzed and full of beans.

* * *

A Psychology Patient

(From the Asheville Citizen)

YOUNG, (SLIM) colored girl for second work and to wait on sick patient. stay on premises. References required. 108 Virginia Ave., Norwood Park.

Gus, Look Her Up

(Buffalo Times)

Refined lady wishes position as housekeeper or anything.
Address, Housekeeper, 185 Whitney Place.

* * *

Our Heavyweight Minister-Champion

(Springfield, Ohio, Sun)

Rev. Smith Talks Before Striking Theatre Employees.

* * *

Breaking the News Gently

(From the San Antonio Express)

IF A BACHELOR or widower desires to be located in exclusive home, highest references required, must pay well for accommodations. Travis 775.

* * *

Beg Your Pardon

(From the Port Orchard, Wn., Independent)

There was a mistake in the report of Mrs. Melker and Mr. Baird going to Everett together. It should have said that Mrs. Melker went up on the Interlaken and Mr. Baird motored up alone.

* * *

Babies, Dogs, Horses and Cows

(From the Atlanta Journal)

Forty-nine persons, suffering from babies, have been admitted to the Pasteur Institute. All are from the Tarn Department, where three dogs have caused an epidemic. Several horses and cows had to be shot.

* * *

Raise Cain Whenever Able

Adam—"What kind of a dress did you wear last week, Eve?"

Eve—"Fingleaf, Adam, dearie."

Adam—"I don't believe you, Eve; I think it was poison ivy."

* * *

A La Follywood

I've never sailed the salty sea,

I've never been a sailor—

There's just one thing I'd like to be,

And that's a ladies tailor.

Knickerbocker Spice

THE business of eliminating vice from the human race goes merrily along in the hands of our self-appointed moralists. As this is being written, these folk are trying to jam a bill through the New York State Legislature to "regulate" dancing. The bill completely bans jazz dancing, hugging and cheek-to-cheek dancing, neck-holds, camel walks and other "suggestive" dances. Dancing under soft, dim lights is specifically forbidden. The bill describes "proper dancing" as follows:

"The man places his arm lightly about his partner's waist, his hand resting gently on her back just above the waist line. The man's partner should rest her left hand lightly on the man's right shoulder and her right hand should remain lightly in his left hand. At no time should the dancers fail to keep their bodies or faces apart."

* * *

THE only thing to divert the troubled minds of the cinemaese has been the activities of the New York board of censors. The censors are very, very active and

their every move is a picture. They slice dramas, revise sub-titles, trim news reels and even expurgate jokes clipped from current publications and shown in such releases as "Topics of the Day." The ultimate touch came recently when they prevented the showing of a film version of "Sappho," made some four years ago with Pauline Frederick as the star. There is a rather hectic moment in this when the hero seizes the heroine and carries her upstairs to— Well, anyway, he carries her upstairs. The censors said the carrying episode must go but that the picture could be shown if the lady was revealed as walking up!

* * *

THE tirade against the immorality of the stage, started by the sensational seeking Rev. Dr. Straton, goes on. Now comes Rev. John Haynes Holmes to declare that at least nine plays now in New York ought to be banished "utterly from the stage." Probably one of them is the imported French newcomer, "The Rubicon." This gentle little Parisian comedy relates of a young wife who refuses to consummate her marriage until her lover insists that her duty is to her husband before she can turn to him. But—and here is the kick—one evening with hubby decides her to drop the conscientious lover.

About the worst production of the season is the British revue, "Pins and Needles," which is unbelievably bad. It was so bad that, the

day after the premiere, the Messrs. Shubert, who helped bring over the production, announced that the revue has been presented with make-shift costumes and costumes, the "production having been delayed en-route across the Atlantic." But the costumes and scenery have never come on the mythically delayed ship and Broadway suspects that "Pins and Needles" is as is. Which is terrible.

In the revue appear Harry Pilcer, once lifted to undue fame by the late Gaby Deslys, and Edith Kelly Gould, who seems to be able to merely wander listlessly about the stage. And we haven't viewed such tights since we used to sneak down to the town burlesque house back in 1900.

* * *

THEY tell me that Mae Murray is very exclusive these days in her studio. You see, she says that she designs her own costumes—although the word costume strikes us as rather a strong word for the bits of something or other she affects on the screen—and she isn't going to let anyone steal her ideas. Be that as it may (no pun intended), Mae is a great little publicity seeker. You never see a fil-em first night or hardly a speakie premiere without noticing her enveloped in a tremendous white cloak and accompanied by her tremendous hubby, Robert Leonard. And always arriving *just* before the proceedings start.

Another Jack-Pine Song

Some like the girl that is pretty in the face,
Others like the girl that is slim about the waist,
But I like the girl that'll always sit still,
And pucker up her lips like a whip-poor-will.

* * *

Tony was a modern miss—well versed in law was she;
She charged him, when he stole a kiss, with petty larceny.
For a moment he was quite abashed, and then he squeezed her
hand,
"You're wrong, dear, quite wrong," he said, "not petty; that was
grand!"

* * *

Most things may be good without being new.
There are exceptions—eggs, for example, and
babies.

* * *

Advice to husbands—Never talk in your sleep, unless
you are sure what you are going to say.

* * *

Chick! Chick! Chick!

Now let's sing that latest song, "I wish I
was a worm so the chickens would chase me."
That's a scratchy one.

* * *

The best paid profession in the world is literature—
if the author doesn't starve.

* * *

Speaking of Knees

When the hard wind blows the girlie shows
if Nature bestows her knocks or bows.

* * *

We hope King George won't confer the Order of the
Bath on Olaf, our new hired man.

Frugality Personified

With the addition of our new farm hand, the Whiz Bang fertilizing plant now possesses a man whom I claim can outdo the canniest Scot in the world when it comes to frugality. I have seen Olaf chew his tobacco until there was no kick left in it; then dry the remains; then smoke the dried parchment, after which he would snuff the ashes and then blow his nose for material with which to grease his shoes. When he had finished the greasing operation he would wipe his nose on a raw rock so as to save his handkerchief.

In this connection I might say that Olaf also claims that he prefers cranberries because they make better apple sauce than prunes.

* * *

George Washington married a widow, and was soon after known as the "Father of his Country."

* * *

Health Hint

Never marry a woman whose ambition it is to be a widow.

* * *

Alimony is like the American Revolution of 1776. It's taxation without representation.

* * *

Song of the Green Table

"I may not be a pool shark, but I'm a big fish just the same."

Only a Milkman's Daughter

The snow and sleet were falling fast,
As by my door she swiftly passed;
I saw her pass on in the gale;
I saw her fall, and bust her pail.

* * *

Never Walk, Girls, Unless—

It's easy to sit in your auto
And counsel the girls who would walk,
But get out and run
And you'll soon change your fun
When you feel the tack in your sock.

* * *

Morals and wine and jass music,
Went out for a lark one night;
Jass music and wine are looking fine,
But morals an awful sight.

* * *

With the Lips Only

Young man,
If you try to eat honey
On the blade of a knife
You will cut yourself.

If you try to taste honey
On the kiss of a woman,
Taste with the lips only;
If not, young man,
You will bite your own heart.

* * *

Out on the air the cry rang wild:
"Switchman, switchman, save my child!"
He threw the switch in the bat of a lid,
Killed eighty people, but saved the kid.

* * *

If Eve tempted Adam with an apple, what
could she do nowadays with a good drink of
liquor?

Our Rural Mail Box

Gus Stevie—The difference between pneumonia and ammonia is that ammonia comes in bottles and pneumonia comes in chests.

* * *

Fatty Felix—Reduce, old boy, reduce. According to a modern Greek maxim, "A fat belly did not invent gunpowder."

* * *

James J.—The more you stick up for the other fellow's rights the less it will be necessary for you to stick up for your own.

* * *

Naughty Nellie—Considering his rare old age, Nell, I would refer you to the woman who believes in marrying for a home; divorcing for alimony; and outliving for insurance.

* * *

Pvt. I. O. Difform—Would suggest that you write the Arm Inspection Department of the Army in answer to your query. Never heard of a G. O. 45 Model shot gun.

* * *

May Turity—Ohwhatanassiam is an old Indian word meaning "End of All."

Hon. Captain—I never knew until the other day why there are so many jazz melodies. The prohibitionists forced the composers to take all the bars out of their music.

* * *

Hi Jinks—No, the nursery should not be referred to as the bawl room.

* * *

Bush Leaguer—I'll agree that you don't have to be a ball player to have a good 'batting average.'"

* * *

Carrie Paper—A little floor oil poured on the baby's dress will keep the floors shining.

* * *

Worried Seventeen—Yes, my girl, love is of a man's life a thing apart but 'tis a woman's whole existence.

* * *

George—Wrinkled suits do not necessarily mean that your friend was out with a girl. He might have been wrestling with his room-mate.

* * *

Robbinsdale Arithmetic Lesson

One cow plus one well equals two gallons pure milk.

* * *

As Mathematical Minnie would say: "Flattery plus love chatter plus embraces plus kisses plus country trip minus old lady equals correctional court wedding ceremony."

A Couple of Dukes

Smith's wife hobnobs with royalty.
Yes, the divorce was based on two counts.

* * *

"How would you test home-brew to see if there was any wood alcohol in it?" asked the old soak.

"Why, strain it through a silk handkerchief and see if you get any splinters," replied the young soak.

* * *

How to Help

A smile will help a man a lot when man is full of sorrow,
And yet a dollar bill is what he really wants to borrow.
So, when a brother on the hill encounters stormy weather,
Don't give the smile or give the bill, but give them both together!

* * *

Adam was the only man who can believe his wife when she told him he was the first to kiss her.

* * *

This Month In History

The Battle of Sedan.

* * *

May says, "It's all right to dance with a disabled soldier but what joy is there in having an armless man love you?"

* * *

Dear Captain—Seems like they ought to call these ballroom wrestling matches "Tape" dances. They're so darned adhesive.

* * *

An Irishman about to be hanged pleaded to have the rope put under his arms as he was very ticklish in the throat, and he did not want to die laughing at such a sad scene.

* * *

There's many a dip with a sip on the hip.

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